

Binder: None

Folder: None

Title: Royal Corps of Engineers (RCE) Songs (British)

Date: undated, likely post WWII

Description: photo copy of songbook including table of contents (2 pages)  
and cover page. Book 82 numbered songs. Post World War II

Author/Compiler: unknown

Branch: Great Britain, Royal Corps of Engineers  
~~Unit?~~

Source: Getz Collection

Post WW II

# RCE SONGS

# RCE SONG SHEET

## INDEX

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. <u>Engineers song</u>        | 25. Big Rock Candy Mountain                     |
| 2. <u>Hurrah For The CRE</u>    | 26. Camptown Races                              |
| 3. Good Old Mountain Dew        | 27. Clementine                                  |
| 4. Ship Titanic                 | 28. Comin'Round the Mountain                    |
| 5. Green Grows the Rushes, OH   | 29. Daisy, Daisy                                |
| 6. Vive La Compagnie            | 30. Drink To Me                                 |
| 7. Blow The Man Down            | 31. Grandfather's Clock                         |
| 8. The Wiffenpoof Song          | 32. Hard, Ain't It Hard                         |
| 9. The Blue Tail Fly            | 33. <u>Let Her Sleep Under The Bar</u>          |
| 10. <u>Lily Marlene</u>         | 34. A Man Without A Woman                       |
| 11. The Squid Jiggin' Ground    | 35. Oh, Susanna                                 |
| 12. <u>RMC Song</u>             | 36. Old Black Joe                               |
| 13. James McGill                | 37. The Saints Go Marching In                   |
| 14. U of T School Song          | 38. The Streets of Laredo                       |
| 15. UBC                         | 39. That's Where My Money Goes                  |
| 16. Queens                      | 40. Tom Dooley — 1950's —                       |
| 17. Acadia University Wolfville | 41. The Twelve Days of Christmas                |
| 18. Merry Merry Be              | 42. Workin' On The Railroad                     |
| 19. The Ryans and the Pittance  | 43. Home On The Range                           |
| 20. For Me And My Gal           | 44. OH, Johnny, OH Johnny, OH                   |
| 1950's - 22. Jamica Farewell    | 45. <u>Kiss Me Good Night Sergeant</u><br>Major |
| 23. The Battle of New Orleans   | 46. There's A Long Long Trail                   |
| 24. Bell-Bottomed Trousers      | 47. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling                 |

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| 48. Down By The Old Mill Stream              | 71. Waltzing Matilda       |
| 49. Deep In The Heart of Texas               | 72. TAVERN IN THE TOWN     |
| 50. Beer Barrel Polka                        | 73. PAPER DOLL             |
| 51. Silver Threads Among The Gold            | 74. When You Wore A Tulip  |
| 52. A Medley Of Good Old Timers              | 75. I Get So Lonely        |
| 53. My Wild Irish Rose                       | 76. Sentimental Journey    |
| 54. Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair        | 77. We'll Build a Bungalow |
| 55. The Chandler's Shop                      | 78. Tumblin Tumbleweed     |
| 56. <u>Oh Money Have A (Sniff) Of Me</u>     | 79. Cool Water             |
| 57. Anne Boleyn                              | 80. Lazy River             |
| 58. Oh Happy Day                             | 81. Ezekial                |
| 59. <u>GlenWorple</u>                        | 82. Side By Side           |
| 60. Syme The 'Ole World Over                 |                            |
| 61. Don't Fence Me In                        |                            |
| 62. Smiles                                   |                            |
| 63. <u>When I Am Loh</u>                     |                            |
| 64. Clancy                                   |                            |
| 65. <u>Bloody Well Dead</u>                  |                            |
| 66. Red River Valley                         |                            |
| 67. In The Evening                           |                            |
| 68. Darktown Strutter's Ball                 |                            |
| <i>Late 1940's</i> 69. Cigareets and Whuskee |                            |
| 70. So Long                                  |                            |

1.

ENGINEER'S SONG

Tune Of John Brown's Body

CHORUS:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers  
We can, we can, we can, we can, demolish fourty beers  
Drink rum, Drink rum, Drink rum, drink rum and come along with us;  
For we don't give a damn for any damn man, who dont give a damn for us.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,  
To show the local populace her beautiful lily white hide.  
The most observant person there, and engineer of course  
Was the only man who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

She said I've gone a long, long way, and the guy who goes as far,  
Will take me off this goddamn horse and lead me to a bar  
The man who took her off her horse and stood her to a beer  
Was a bloodshot eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer.

My father was a miner on the upper Malemute,  
My mother was a keeper of a house of ill repute,  
They kicked me out at a tender age and didn't shed a tear  
So I said to hell with them boys and joined the engineers.

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park,  
The engineer was busy doing research in the dark  
His scientific method was a marvel to observe,  
His left hand took the reading, while his right hand traced the curves

Now Venus is a statute made entirely out of stone,  
There's not a fig leaf on her, she is naked to the bone.  
On seeing that her arms were gone, an engineer discoursed,  
Of course the damn thing's broken and it should be reinforced.

*Should be Airman*

An artman and an engineer once found a gallon can,  
Said the artman, "match me drink for drink, let's see if your're  
a man"  
They drank three drinks, the artman died, his face was turning green  
But the engineer drank on and said it's only gasoline.

My mother peddles opium and my father's on the dole,  
My sister used to walk the streets, but now she's on parole,  
My brother runs a restaurant with some bedrooms in the rear,  
But they don't give a damn for me 'cause I'm a goddamn engineer.

*Oh ~ They will never speak to me"*

- 2 -

HURRAH FOR THE CRE

Good morning Mr Stevens and windy Nochy Knight,  
Hurrah for the CRE.  
We're working very hard down at Upnor Hard,  
Hurrah for the CRE.  
You make fast, I make fast, make fast the dinghy,  
Make fast the dinghy, make fast the dinghy,  
You make fast, I make fast, make fast the dinghy,  
Make fast the dinghy pontoon.

For we're marching on to Laffan's Plain, To Laffan's Plain  
to Laffan's Plain,  
Yes we're marching on to Laffan's Plain,  
Where they dont know mud from clay.

AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,  
Oshta, oshta, oshta, oshta.  
Ikena malee, picaninny skoff,  
Ma-ning sabenza, here's another off.  
Oolum-da cried Matabele,  
Oolum-day, away we go.  
AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,  
Shuush ..... WHOOW!

- 3 -

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

They Call it that good old mountain dew,  
And them that refuse it are few,  
I will hust up my mug if your fill up my jug  
With that good old mountain dew.

My Uncle Bill has a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two,  
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
Just from smelling that good old mountain dew.

My Uncle Mort, he was sawed off and short  
He measured 'bout four foot two;  
But he felt like a giant when you'd give him a pint  
Of that Good old mountain dew.

My Auntie June has a brand new perfume  
It has such a sweet-smelling pu;  
Imagine her surprise when she had it analyzed,  
It was nothing but good old mountain dew.

- 4 -

SHIP TITANIC

Oh they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue  
And they thought they had a ship that the water wouldn't go through  
But the good Lord raised his hand, said that ship would never stand  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh, it was sad, of it was sad,  
It was sad when the great ship went down, to the bottom of the sea-  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh, they were not far from England and headed for the shore,  
When the rich refused to associate with the poor;  
So they put them down below, where they were the first to go  
It was sad when the good ship went down.

Oh, they put those life boats out on a dark and stormy sea  
And the band struck up with "A Nearer My God To Thee".  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives.  
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Now the Californian not a dozen miles away,  
Did not hear the SOS 'cause the crew had hit the bay;  
So the Captain and the crew did not know that ship was through  
It was sad when the great ship went down

-5-

GREEN GROWS THE RUSHES OH

CHORUS

I'll sing you one, oh Green Grow the rushes, oh  
What is your one, oh?

One is for the Old CO  
and evermore shall be so.

Two two the second-in command  
They call him sunray minor

(But) Three hey! Three hey!  
The RAP! Bang, bang

Four for the rifle company  
Five for the gallant majors.  
Six for the six pound mortar.  
Seven for the seven days privilege leave  
Eight for the sentry at the gate

(Nine for the boys in the  
firing line  
(Ten for the Glo 92.  
(Eleven for the 'leven who  
went to heaven.  
(Twelve for the 12 apostles

- 6 -

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

CHORUS

Oh vive, oh vive, oh vive la vie,  
Oh vive, oh vive, oh vive l'amour,  
Vie la vie, vive l'amour  
Vive la compagnie.

J'ai descondu dans mon jardin,  
Vive la compagnie.  
C'etait pour cueillir du raisin  
Vive la compagnie ..... CHORUS

C'etait pour cueillie du raisin  
Vive la compagnie.  
J'en avais pas cuelli trois grains  
Vive la compagnie ..... CHORUS

J'en avais pas cuelli trois grains  
Vive la compagnie  
Qu'un rossignol vint sur ma main  
Vive la compagnie ..... CHORUS

- 7 -

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Oh, blow the man down, laddies, blow the man down  
Way aye, blow the man down! Oh, blow the man down, laddies,  
Blow the man down, give us some time to blow the man down.

Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea,  
With a yoo-ho! Blow the man down!  
And please pay attention and listen to me  
Give us some time to blow the man down!

On board the Black Baller I first served my time.  
With a Yoo-ho! Blow the man down!  
There were tinkers and tailors and sailors and all  
With a Yoo-ho! Blow the man down!

They chipped for good seamen on board the Black Ball,  
Give us some time to blow the man down!

- 8 -

THE WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Morries to the place where Louis dwells  
To the dear old temple bar we love so well  
Sing the Wiffenpoofs assembled with their glasses raised on high  
While the magic of their singing casts a spell.

Yes the magic of their singing of the songs they love so well  
"Shall I wastling", and Mavoureen" and the rest  
We will serenade our Louis while life and voice shall rest,  
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.



The WIFFENPOOF SONG  
continued

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way  
BAA BAA BAA  
We are little black sheep who have gone astray  
BAA BAA BAA

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree  
Deemed for here to eternity  
Lord have mercy on such as we  
BAA BAA BAA

- 9 -

THE BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait  
Upon my master and bring his plate  
And pass the bottle when he got dry  
And brush away the blue tailed fly.

CHORUS

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care  
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care  
My master's gone away

One day he ride in the afternoon  
I follow with the hickory broom  
The pony being rather shy  
When bitten by the blue tailed fly

One day he ride around the farm  
The flies so numerous they did swarm  
One chanced to bite him on the thigh  
The devil take the blue tailed fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch  
He threw my master in the ditch  
He died, the jury wondered why  
The verdict was the blue tailed fly.

The buried him under the sycamore tree  
His epitaph there for all to see  
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie  
The victim of the Blue Tailed Fly."

*H. I. Degonde  
translation*

- 10 -

LILY MARLENE

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate  
Darling, I remember the way you used to wait  
"Twas there that you whispered tenderly,  
That you love me and would always be  
My Lily of the lamplight - my own Lily Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part  
Darling, I'd caress you and press you to my heart  
And there 'neath that far off lantern light  
I'd hold you tight - we'd kiss goodnight  
My Lily of the Lamplight - my own Lily Marlene.

Resting in a billet, just behind the line  
Even though we're parted, your lips are close to mine  
You wait where the lantern softly gleams  
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams  
My Lily of the Lamplight, My own Lily Marlene.

- 11 -

THE SQUID JIGGIN GROUND

Oh this is the place where the fishermen gather  
In oil skins and boots and Capstan's battened down  
They're all kinds of figures with Squid lines and jiggers  
Who congregate here on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

There's men from the harbour and men from the Tickle  
In all kinds of motor boats, green grey and brown  
There's red headed Tory out there in the dory  
A runnin' down Squid on the Squid Jiggin' Ground

There's men of all ages, and boys in the bargain  
There's old Skipper Chaffey and young Billy Brown  
Right yonder is Knobby and with his is Bobby  
They're chewin' hard tack on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

Says Bobby the squid are on top of the water  
I just got me jigger 'bout one fathom down  
When a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat  
And He's cussing like mad on the Squid Jiggin Ground.

Holy smoke what's the bustle, all hands are excited  
It's a wonder to me that nobody is drowned.  
Hello, what's the row, why they're jiggin' one now  
It's the very first Squid on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

Oh, if you should e'er feel inclined to go squiddin'  
Leave your white shirts and collars, behind in the town  
For if you get cranky without your silk hanky  
You'd better steer clear of the Squid Jiggin Ground

-12-

RMC SONG

Heads up and swing along  
Hearts light and ringing song  
Life's but a march and it's easy if you're willing  
Laugh at the ruts and the dust from comrades milling  
Heads up and march away  
Keep smiling all the day  
Shoulder your rifle and hitch your pack up tight  
Take the right of the line and fight.

We are the gentlemen cadets of RMC  
We're sworn to love and serve her Majesty  
And we'll defend this land of liberty  
And strive to keep our Empire's unity  
To Canada our home we proudly state  
We will keep her honour clean and bright  
For Canada and for our Empire great  
We'll march we'll shout, we'll fight

-13-

JAMES MC GILL

James McGill, James McGill  
Peacefully, he slumbers there  
Blissful though we're on the tear  
James McGill, James McGill  
He's our father, oh yes, James McGill

- 14 -

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
SCHOOL SONG

Toronto, is our university - Shout, Oh Shout  
Men of every faculty - Velut, Arbor, Aeve,  
May she ever thrive - Oh God forever bless -  
Our Alma Mater.

Toronto, Toronto, Toronto Varsity,  
We shout and fight for the blue and white  
And the honour of U of T  
Rippety! Rappety! Rippety! Rappety! Ri!  
Toronto Toronto  
Toronto Varsity

- 15 -

UNIVERSITY OF BC  
SCHOOL SONG

We wear the blue and gold of the victors  
We are the men of UBC.  
All other men acknowledge us masters  
We are strong in adversity  
There's work for the day and work for the morrow  
We are ones who will do our share  
Shouting in joy and silent in sorrow  
Bravery conquers care.

UBC SCHOOL SONG  
continued

CHORUS

Hail! UBC  
Our Glorious university  
You stand for-aye between the  
Mountains and the sea  
All through life's way we'll sing  
"Kla-How-Yah Varsity"  
"Tuam EST" wins the day  
And we'll push on to victory.

- 16 -

QUEENS UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL SONG

CHORUS

Oil thigh n'a banrigg Han n'a banrigghean ga brath  
Oil thigh n'a banrigghean n'a banrigghean ga brath  
Oil thigh n'a banrigghean n'a banrigghean ga brath  
Cha gheil Cha gheil Cha gheil

Queen's college colours we are wearing once again  
Soiled as they are by the battle and the rain  
Yet another victory to wipe away the stains  
So boys go in and win. - Singing (CHORUS)

- 17 -

ACADIA UNIVERSITY WOLFVILLE  
SCHOOL SONG

Stand up and cheer,  
Stand up and cheer for old Acadia  
For today we raise  
The Red and Blue above the rest. Above the rest  
Boys are fighting  
They are out to win the fray  
Well I should say  
We've got the team boom, boom,  
We've got the stream, boom, boom  
For this is old Acadia's day.

MERRY MERRY BE

CHORUS

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl,  
Till the cup runs over

Come landlord fill the blowing bowl  
Till the cup runs over

For tonight we'll merry merry be  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who takes a short beer  
Goes to bed right sober (repeat twice)  
Fades as the leaves do fade (repeat three times)  
And dies in mid October

The man who takes a long beer  
Goes to bed quite mellow (repeat twice)  
Lives as he ought to live (repeat three times)  
And dies a right good fellow.

The girl who takes a short kiss  
And runs to tell her mother (repeat twice)  
Does a very foolish thing (repeat three times)  
She'll never get another.

The girl who takes a long kiss  
Does deserve another (repeat twice)  
We know what she's looking for (repeat three times)  
She'll become a mother

THE RYANS AND THE PITTANCE

We'll rant and we'll rear like true Newfoundlander's  
We'll rant and we'll rear on deck and below.  
Until we strike bottom inside of true sunkers  
Then straight through the Channel to Toslow we'll go.

I'm a son of a sea cook and a cook is a trader,  
I can dance, I can sign, I can reef the main boom.  
I can cut a fine figure with squid lines and jiggers  
When ever I'm out in a boat standing room.

I had a date last night in Fox Harbour  
With a cute little filly as sweet as you wish,  
She sat in a corner a gnawin' salt corking  
Just like a young kitten a gnawin' a fish.

- 20 -

FOR ME AND MY GIRL

The bells are ringing for me and my girl  
The birds are singing for me and my girl  
Everybody's been knowing  
To a wedding they're going  
And for weeks they've been sewing  
Every Susy and Sal.

They're congregating for me and my girl  
The preacher's waiting for me and my girl  
And some day we're going to build a little home  
For two or three or four or more  
In loveland for me and my girl.

- 21 -

DRINKING SONG

Eins Ziver Drei Fihr lift your steins and drink your beer  
Eins Ziver Drei Fihr lift your steins and drink your beer  
Drink, Drink, Drink to lips that are red and sweet as the fruit  
on the tree,  
Drink, Drink, Drink to eyes that are bright as stars when they're  
shining on me,  
Here's a hope that these bright eyes will shine,  
Lovingly, Longingly soon into mine.

*Student  
Prince*

May those lips that are red and sweet  
Tonight with joy my own lips meet  
Drink, Drink let the toasts start  
May young loves: never part  
Drink, Drink Drink, let every true lover,  
Salute his sweetheart - Let's drink.

- 22 -

JAMAICA FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are gay  
And the sun shines gayly on the mountain top  
I took a trip on a sailing ship  
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop  
CHORUS

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way, Wont' be back for many a day  
My heart is down, my head is turning around  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.

Down at the market you can hear ladies cry out while on their heads  
they bear.  
Packie rice, salt fish and ice  
And the rum is fine any time of year.

*1950's  
Bob Bork*

JAMACIA FAREWELL  
Continued

Sounds of laughter everywhere  
And the dancing girls swing to and fro.  
I must declare my heart is there,  
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

CHORUS repeat

- 23 -

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

In 1814 we took a little trip  
Along with Colonel Jackson  
Down the mighty Mississip.  
We took a little bacon  
And we took a little beans  
And we caught the bloody rebels  
In a town in New Orleans.

We fired our guns  
And the rebels kept a-coming  
There wasn't nigh as many  
As there was a while ago.  
We fired once more  
And they began to running  
From down the Mississippi  
To the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river  
And we see'd the rebels come  
And there must have been a hundred of em  
Beating on the drum  
They stepped so high  
And they made the bugles ring;  
We stood beside our cottonfields  
And didn't say a thing.

Old Hickory said We could take em by surprise  
If we didn't fire our muskets, till we looked em in the eyes  
We held our fire, till we see'd their faces well  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns, and we really gave em - well.

They ran through the briars, and they ran through the brambles  
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go  
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch them  
From down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Note - not  
quite the  
U.S. version!

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS  
continued

We fired our cannons till the barrel melted down  
So we grabbed an alligator, and we fought another round  
We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind  
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind.

- 24 -

BELL BOTTOMED TROUSERS

Once I was a lady's maid way down in Drury Lane,  
My master was so kind to me, my mistress was the same  
Along came a sailor as happy as can be  
And he was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS

Singing "Bell bottomed trousers, coat of navy blue,  
He'll climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do".

He asked me for a kerchief to tie around his head  
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed  
And I like a silly maid, thinking it no harm  
Jumped right in beside him to keep the sailor warm.

Early in the morning, before the break of day  
A one pound note he gave me, and this to me did say  
"Maybe you'll have a daughter, maybe you'll have a son  
Take this, oh, my darling, for the damage I have done.

"And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,  
But if you have a son, send the rascal off to sea."

The moral of the story is as plain as plain can be  
Never trust a sailor an inch above the knee.

- 25 -

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

On a summer day in the month of May  
A burly bum came hiking  
Down a shady lane through the sugar cane  
He was looking for his liking.  
As he roamed along he sang a song  
Of the land of milk and honey  
Where a bum can stay for many a day  
And he won't need any money.



BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN  
Continued

CHORUS

Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees  
Near the soda water fountain,  
At the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings  
On the big rock candy mountain.

There's a lake of gin we can both jump in  
And the handouts grow on bushes  
In the new mown hay we can sleep all day  
And the bars all have free lunches  
Where the mail train stops and there ain't no cops  
And the folks are tender-hearted,  
Where you never change your socks  
and you never throw rocks  
And your hair is never parted.

Oh, a farmer and his son, they were on the run,  
To the hay field they were bounding.  
Said the bum to the son, "Why don't you come  
To the big rock candy mountain?"  
So the very next day they hiked away  
The mile posts they kept counting,  
But they never arrived at the lemonade side  
On the big rock candy mountain.

-26-

CAMPTOWN RACES

De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doo dah, doo dah  
De Camptown race track five miles long, oh, doo dah day  
I come down dah wid my hat caved in, doo dah, doo dah  
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin, oh doo dah day.

CHORUS

Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day  
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag  
Somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss, doo dah, doo dah  
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across  
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole  
Cant touch bottom wid a ten foot pole.

CANFTOWN RACES

Continued

Ole mulley cow come onto de track  
De bobtail fling her ober his back  
Den fly along like a railroad car  
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat,  
Round de race-track den repeat,  
I win my money on de bobtail nag  
I keep my money in an old towbag.

- 27 -

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine  
Lived a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine

CHORUS

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever, Dreadful sorry Clementine

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine  
Herring boxes, without topses.  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove her ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine  
Hit her foot against a splinter  
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine  
Alas for me! I was no swimmer so I lost my Clementine

In a churchyard near the canyon  
where the myrtle doth entwine  
There grow roses and other poisies  
fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner soon began to peak and pine  
Thought he 'oughter join his daughter  
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me  
Robed in garments soaked with brime  
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead,  
I draw the line.

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning to this tragic tale of mine  
Artificial respiration would have saved my Clementine.

Now I missed her, How I missed her, How I missed my Clementine  
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' round the mountain, when she comes.  
She'll be comin' round the mountain, when she comes.  
She'll be comin' round the mountain,  
Blowin' steam off like a fountain,  
She'll be comin' round the mountain, when she comes.

She'll be ridin' six white horses, when she comes,  
She'll be ridin' six white horses, when she comes,  
She'll be ridin' six white horses, she'll be ridin' six white horses,  
She'll be ridin' six white horses, when she comes.

She'll be wearin' pink pajamas, when she comes;  
She'll be wearin' pink pajamas, when she comes,  
She'll be wearin' pink pajamas, she'll be wearin' pink pajamas  
She'll be wearin' pink pajamas, when she comes.

Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.  
Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.  
We'll all go out to meet her, we'll all go out to greet her  
We'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

Oh we'll kill the old red rooster, When she comes  
Oh we'll kill the old red rooster, when she comes  
We'll kill the old red rooster, cause he don't crow like he uster  
Oh we'll kill the old red rooster, when she comes

Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplins, when she comes  
Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplins, when she comes,  
We'll all have chicken and dumplins, cause we all have chickens  
to dump in.  
We'll all have chicken and dumplins, when she comes

DAISY DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.  
I'm half crazy all for the love of you.  
It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage;  
But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

Michael, Michael, here is your answer true  
I'm half crazy over the likes of you.  
If you can't afford a carriage, call off your bloomin marriage  
Cause I'll be damned if I'll be jammed on a bicycle built for two.

Bar keep, Bar keep, give me your answer true.  
I'm half crazy over the foamy brew  
I haven't got any money, but wouldn't I look funny  
Staring at you, across the bar, and without a drink in my hand.

- 30 -

DRINK TO ME ONLY

Drink to me only with thine eyes  
And I will pledge with mine  
Or leave a kiss within the cup  
And I'll not ask for wine  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath  
Not so much hon'ring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And send'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear  
Not of itself, but thee.

Drink to me only with good hard cider,  
Or rye, or a Scotch highball  
Drink to me with any old thing,  
Just as long as it's alcohol.  
For now the wets have won the day  
The prohibition is through  
To drink to me only with thine eyes  
Is a hell of a thing to do.

- 31 -

GRAND FATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf  
So it stood ninety years on the floor  
It was taller by half than the old man himself  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born  
And was always his treasure and pride;

But it stopped short never to go again, When the old man died.  
Ninety days without slumbering, Tick Tock, Tick, Tock  
His life seconds numbering, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock  
It stopped short never to go again, when the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,  
Many hours had he spent while a boy  
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know  
And to share both his grief and his joy.  
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door  
With a Blooming and beautiful bride

31 continued Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,  
Not a servant so faithful he found  
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire,  
At the close of each week to be wound  
And it kept in its place, not a frown on its face  
And its hands never hung by its side.

- 32 -

HARD AIN'T IT HARD

There is a house in this old town,  
And that's where my true love lays around  
And he takes other women down on his knee,  
And he tells them what he never will tell me.

CHORUS:

Oh, it's hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard  
To love one that never did love you,  
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard, Lord God,  
To love one that never could be true.

First time I saw my true love,  
He was walkin' by my door,  
Last time I seen his false-hearted smile,  
When I" down in the promised land.

Don't go to drinkin' and gamblin'  
Dont go there your soorows to drown  
That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,  
It's the meanest damn place in this town.

- 33 -

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,  
O'Leary was closing the bar,  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,  
"Get out! You can't stay where you are!"  
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the \_\_\_ phone booth,  
And these were the words that he said.

"Tller mother never told her the things  
a young girl should know  
About the ways of college men, and how they come and go (mostly go)  
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar,  
So remember your mother and sisters, boys, and let her sleep under  
the bar".

1950's  
Kingston TSSOT  
Lime Lighters

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

Now a man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,  
Is like a boat without a rudder or a shirt without a tail.  
Now a man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand  
But if there's one thing worse in this universe, then it's a woman  
I said a woman, I mean a woman without a man.

OH SUSAN ANNA

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,  
I've gran to Lou'sianna, my true lub for to see,  
It rained all night da day I left  
Da wedder it was dry,  
De sun so hot, I froze to dedt  
Susanna, Don't you cry.

CHORUS:

Oh Susanna, Don't you cry for me  
I come from Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream de udder night, when everything was still  
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a comin' down de hill  
The buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her eye  
Says I, I've comin' from de souf, Susanna don't you cry

I soon will be in New Orleans, and den I'll look all round,  
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon de ground  
But if I do not find her, then I'll surely die,  
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,  
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know.  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe"

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low  
I hear the gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain  
Why do I sight that my friends come not again,  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?  
I hear the gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free  
The children so dear that I held upon my knee,  
Come to the shore where my soul has long'd to go  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

And when the Saints go marching in,  
And when the Saints go marching in,  
Lord, how I want to be in that number  
When the Saints go marching in.

And when the revelation comes,  
And when the revelation comes,  
Lord, how I want to be in that number  
When the revelation comes.

(Similarly)

And when the new world is revealed,

And when the sun refuses to shine

And when the moon has turned to blood

And when they gather round the throne

And when they crown him King of Kings.

And on that hallelujah day

And when the Saints go marching in.

THE STREETS OF LAREDO

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy wrapped up in white linen  
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay,

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die".

It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing  
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house;  
Got shot in the breast; I am dying today.

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin  
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall;  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin.  
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

Oh beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly  
Play the dead march as you carry me along  
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o're me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

38. continued  
STREETS OF LAREDO

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys  
And tell them the story of this, my sad fate,  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before it's too late.

"Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water,  
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy then said;  
Before I returned, the spirit has left him,  
And gone to its Maker --- The cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

- 39 -

THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES

That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes,  
I buys her everything to keep her in style.  
She's worth her weight in gold, my coal black baby,  
Say boys, that's where my money goes.

When we go walkin' she does the talkin'  
And when my arm's around her, how time does fly  
She does the teasin, I do the squeezin'  
Say boys, that's where my money goes.

She's got a pair of eyes just like two custard pies,  
And when she looks at me I sure get a thrill,  
She's got a pair of lips just like potato chips.  
Say boys that's where my money goes.

She got a pair of legs just like two whiskey kegs  
And when they knock together, oh what a sound!  
She's got a pair of hips just like two battle ships  
Hot dog that's where my money goes.

She's got a bulbous nose, just like a big red rose  
And when the lights go out, It really does shine,  
She wears silk underwear, I wear my latest pair  
Say boys, that's where my money goes.



TOM DOOLEY

CHORUS

Hang down your head Tom Dooley,  
Hang down your head and cry  
Hang down your head Tom Dooley,  
Poor boy, you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain  
And there I took her life  
Met her on the mountain  
And Stabbed her with my knife

This time tomorrow  
Reckon where I'll be?  
If it hadn't-a been for Grayson,  
I'd-a been in Tennessee.

This time tomorrow,  
Reckon where I'll be?  
Down in some lonesome valley,  
A-hanging from a white oak tree.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas  
My true love sent to me  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas  
My true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree,

Third day: Three French Hens

Fourth Day: Four Calling Birds

Fifth Day: Five gold rings

Sixth Day; Six geese a-laying

Seventh Day; Seven swans a-swimming

Eighth Day; Eight maids a-milking

Ninth Day; Nine ladies dancing

Tenth Day; Ten lords a-leaping

Eleventh Day; Eleven pipers piping

Twelfth day; Twelve drummers drumming

1950's  
Kingston T.S.D.

WORKIN ON THE RAILROAD

Oh, I was born in Mobile town, a-workin' on the levee  
All day I roll de cotton down, a-workin' on the levee  
I used to have a dog named Bill, a-workin' on the levee  
He ran away, but I'm still, a-workin' on the levee

I've been workin' on the railroad, all the livelong day,  
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away  
Don't cha hear the whistle blowin' rise up so early in the morn,  
Don't cha hear the captain shoutin', "Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah won't cha blow, Dinah won't cha blow, Dinah won't cha blow  
your ho - o - rn  
Dinah won't cha blow, Dinah won't cha blow, Dinah won't cha blow  
your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, Someone's in the kitchen  
I kno - o - ow  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo.

Fee, Fie, Fiddle-e-i-o, Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o-o-o,  
Fee, Fie, Fiddle-e-i-o, Strummin' on the old banjo.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

Home, Home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not  
cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

- 44 -

OH JOHNNY, OH JOHNNY, OH

All the girls are crazy 'bout a certain little lad,  
Although he's very, very bad  
He could be oh, so good when he wanted to  
Bad or good he understood 'bout love and other things  
For every girl in town followed him around  
Just to hold his hand and sing;

CHORUS

Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, how you can love  
Oh Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Heavens above  
You make my sad heart jump with joy  
And when you're near I just can't sit still a minute, I'm so.  
Oh johnny, Oh, Johnny, Please tell me dear  
What makes me love you so?  
You're not handsome it's true,  
But when I look at you,  
I just, Oh Johnny, Oh, Johnny, OH

Johnny tried his best to hide from ev'ry girl he knew  
But even this he couldn't do,  
For they would follow him most everywhere  
Then his friends got him to spend a week or two at home  
It's worse now than before, 'cause the girl next door  
Hollers thru the telephone:

- 45 -

KISS ME GOONIGHT SERGEANT MAJOR

Private Jones came in one night  
Full of cheer and very bright  
He'd bumped into Sergeant Smeck  
Put his arms around his neck  
And in his ear he whispered tenderly

Kis me good-night Sergeant-Major  
Tuck me in my little wooden bed  
We all love you Sergeant-Major  
When we hear you bawling "Show a leg"  
Don't forget to wake me in the morning  
And bring me round a nice hot cup of tea  
Kiss me good-night Sergeant-Major  
Sergeant-Major be a mother to me.

- 46 -

THERE'S A LONG-LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely, Days are very long  
I'm a growing weary only, List'ning for your song  
Old remembrances are thronging, Thro' my memory  
Till it seems the world is full of dreams, Just to call you back to me.

46. continued

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a winding  
Into the land of my dreams  
Where the nightengales are singing  
And a white moon beams  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,  
Calling sweet and low;  
Seem to hear your footsteps falling  
Ev'ry where I go  
Thr' the road between us stretches  
Many a weary mile,  
I forget that you're not with me yet  
When I think I see you smile.

- 47 -

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

There's a tear in your eye  
And I'm wondering why,  
For it never should be there at all.  
With such pow'r in your smile,  
Sure a stone you'd beguile,  
So there's never a tear drop should fall  
When your sweet lilting laughter's like some Fairy song,  
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be  
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile  
And now smile a smile for me.

CHORUS:

When Irish eyes are smiling, Sure it's like a morn in Spring  
In the lilt of Irish laughter, You can hear the angels sing.  
When Irish hearts are happy, All the world seems bright and gay,  
And when Irish eyes are smiling, Sure they steal your heart away.  
  
For your smile is a part, Of the love in your heart,  
And it makes even sunshine more bright  
Like the linnets sweet song, Crooning all the day long  
Comes your laughter so tender and light  
For the spring time of life is the sweetest of all  
There is ne'er a real care or regret  
And while spring-time is ours throughout all of youth's hours  
Let us smile each chance we get.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

My darling I am dreaming, of the days gone by,  
When you and I were sweethearts, beneath the summer sky  
Your hair has turned to silver, the gold has faded too  
But still will I remember, where I first met you

CHORUS

Down by the old mill stream, where I first met you,  
With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too,  
It was there I knew, that you loved me true,  
You were sixteen, my village queen,  
By the old mill stream. (Down by the stream)

The old mill wheel is silent, and has fallen down  
The old oak tree has withered, and lies there on the ground  
While you and I are sweethearts, the same as days of yore;  
Although we've been together forty years or more.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

There is a land, a western land,  
Mighty wonderful to see  
It is the land I understand  
And it's there I long to be.

CHORUS

The stars at night are big and bright,  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The Prairie sky is wide and high  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
The sage in bloom is like perfume,  
Deep in the heart of Texas;  
Reminds me of the one I love,  
Deep in the heart of Texas.

The cyotes wail along the trail  
Deep in the heart of Texas  
The rabbits rush around the brush  
Deep in the heart of Texas  
The cowboys cry, "Ki-yip-pee-yi"  
Deep in the heart of Texas  
The doggies bawl, and bawl and bawl  
Deep in the heart of Texas.

BEER BARREL POLKA

There's a garden, what a garden, Only happy faces bloom there.  
And there's never any room there, For a worry or a gloom there,  
Oh! there's music and there's dancing, And a lot of sweet romancing  
When they pay a polka, They all join in the swing;  
Every time they hear that oom-pa-pa  
Every body feels so Tra-la-la  
They want to throw their cares away  
They all go lah-de-ah-de-ay  
They hear a rumble on the floor  
It's the big surprise they're waiting for  
And all the couples form a ring  
For miles around you'll hear them sing

Roll out the barrel, We'll have a barrel of fun  
Roll out the barrel, We've got the blues on the run  
Zing! Boom! Ta-rar-rel  
Ring out the song of good cheer  
Now's the time to roll the barrel  
For the gang's all here.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old  
Silver threads among the gold  
Shine upon my brow today  
Life is fading fast away;  
But my darling, you will be  
Always young and fair to me  
Yes, my darling you will be,  
Always young and fair to me

CHORUS

Darling, I am growing old  
Silver threads among the gold  
Shine upon my brow to-day  
Life is fading fast away.

HOME FIRE BURNING

Keep the home fire burning, While your hearts are yearning  
Though the lads are far away, they dream of home  
There's a silver lining, through the dark clouds shining;  
Turn the dark clouds inside out, till the boys come home!

MEDLEY

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag  
And smile, smile, smile  
While you've a lucifer to light your fag  
Smile, boys, that's the style  
What's the use of worrying - it never was worthwhile --- so,  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag  
and smile, smile, smile.

Its a long way to Tipperary - it's a long way to go;  
Its a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know  
Goodbye Piccadilly Farewell Leicester Square  
Its a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!

- 53 -

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows  
You may search everywhere, but none can compare  
With my wild Irish Rose.  
My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows  
And some day, for my sake, she may let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

- 54 -

JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,  
Borne, like a vapor on the summer air  
I see her tripping where the bright streams play  
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way  
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour  
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o're  
Oh! I dream of Jeannie with the light brown hair,  
Floatin like a vapor on the soft summer air.

- 55 -

THE CHANDLER'S SHOP

A man went into a chandler's shop, Some candles for to buy  
And very surprised was he to find No candles could he spy  
And as he turned upon his heel, and out the door he sped  
He could hear the sound of ----- Right above his head (repeated)

Now this young man was a bold young man, and up the stairs he sped  
And very surprised was he to find the chandler's wife in bed  
In bed with her was a huge young man, a man of incredible size  
And they were having a ----- right before his eyes (repeated)

55. continued  
Chandler's song

Now when the fun was over and done, the maiden raised her head  
And very surprised was she to find the young man by her bed  
If you will keep my secret sir, if you will be so kind  
You may always come up for a -----, whenever you feel inclined (repeat)

Now married men take my advice, whenever you go to town  
Don't ever leave your wife along, be sure to tie her down  
For you never know what thoughts may lie, down deep in her innocent  
mind;  
For she may be having a -----, Whenever she feels inclined. (repeat)

- 56 -

OH MONEY HAVE A (SNIFF) ON ME

Now listen to the story I have to tell  
About two people who went to Hell.

CHORUS

Oh honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me  
Oh honey have a (sniff) on me.

Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue  
Were walking down the avenue.  
They walked from Broadway down to Main  
Looking for a store that sold Cocaine.

They came to a drugstore painted green  
The sign out side said no morphine  
Into the store went Cocaine Sue  
To see if the sign meant cocaine too.

They snuffed on cocaine all that night,  
And both passed out in the cold dawn light.  
Now in that graveyard on the hill  
Lies the body of Morphine Bill..

And in the graveyard by his side  
Lies the body of his cocaine bride

SLOWLY

The moral of this story goes to show  
There ain't no use in snuffing snow  
(CHORUS) at the end in double time)



Rudy Hollee recorded  
1930's

- 57 -

ANNE BOLEYN

In the Tower of London large as life  
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks I declare  
Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife  
Until he bade the axeman part 'er 'air  
Oh! Yes 'e done 'er wrong long years ago  
And now she comes around to tell 'im so.

CHORUS

With 'er 'ead tucked underneath 'er arm  
She walks the bloody tower,  
With 'er 'ead tucked underneath 'er arm  
At the mid-night hour.

Now she goes for old King 'enry she means givin' 'im what for,  
The things she goin' to tell 'im for 'avin' spilt 'er gor.  
And just in case the axeman wants to give 'er an encore  
She 'as 'er 'ead tucked underneath her arm.

Now sometimes good King 'enry throws a spread  
For all 's pals and gals-a ghostly crew  
The axeman carves the joints and cuts the bread  
And in walks Anne Boleyn without 'er 'ead.  
She 'olds 'er 'ead up with a wild war whoop  
King 'enry shouts, "Don't drip it in soup!"

The guards think its a football that she carried in  
And after they've been drinkin' shout, "The Army's goin' to win  
But it isn't Red Grange. It's just poor old Anne Boleyn,  
With her 'ead tucked underneath 'er arm.

Now up and down the corridors for miles and miles she goes  
Sometimes she catches cold poor thing, for it's cold there  
when it blows;  
And she sometimes finds it awfully 'ard to blow 'er bloody nose,  
With 'er 'ead tucked underneath 'er arm.

Last time I saw King 'enry it was in a canteen bar,  
He said are you Jane Seymour, Anne Boleyn, or Katherine Parr?  
For 'ow the sweet San Fairy Anne can I tell 'oo you are  
With your head tucked underneath 'er arm.

- 58 -

OH HAPPY DAY

When this bloody war is over, Oh how happy I will be,  
I will put my civvy clothes on, no more soldiering for me  
No more church parades on Sunday, no more asking for a pass  
I will stell the Sergeant Major "Stick your passes up your ----".

WNTI?  
Comm WNTI

GLENWORPLE

Ha Glenworple, Heilan mon  
Great, strong, whisky suppin' Heilan mon  
He's a hard workin', hairy legged Heilan mon  
Slanty wore Glenworple.

There's a braw fine Regiment as ilk a mon should ken  
They are devils at the fightin', they have cleared a sight o'men  
And they've suppit muckly whusky when the canteen they were ben,  
The Heilan men fra braw Glenworple

They were founded by McAdam who of a' men was the first  
He resided in Glen Eden where he pipit fit to burst.  
He'd a figleaf for a sporran and a perfect Heilan thirst  
Till he stole away the apples fra' Glenworple.

When the waters of the deluge drookit a' the world o'er.  
The Colonel of the Regiment, his name was shan McNoah,  
A mighty boat he biggit and he snekkit to the door,  
And they stole awa' fra' drooned Glenworple.

And syne he sent a Corporal and garn't him find the land  
Wha' returned with an empty whusky bottle in his hand  
Syne he kent the flood was dryin', he was foo' ye understand  
For he'd found a public house upon the water

When braw King Solomon was ruler o' the land  
He had a hundred pipers and a thousan' fighten' men  
A mighty fine establishment, (as ha'e no doot ye ken)  
For they kept a power o'whusky in Glenworple.

Ye can see them in the morning, when the Regiment's on parade  
With the drummers and the pipers and the Claymore and the plain  
When the Sergeant Major's sober, and the Colonel's no afraid  
Of seein' Tartan spiders in Glenworple.

SYME THE 'OLE WORLD OVER

See 'im in the 'ouse of Commons, Passing laws to put down crime  
While the victim of 'is passin, Walks the streets to myke a dime.

CHORUS:

It's the syne the 'ole world over, It's the poor wot tykes the blyme  
It's the rich as 'as the pleasure, Ain't in all a bloody shyme.

See 'im in the Grand Theatre, in the front row of the pit  
While the victim of 'is fancy, trudges'ome through miles of -----.

Se 'im on the broad Atlantic, startin' out a world tour  
Leaving 'er so far be'ind 'im 'oo 'e taught to be a '-----.

- 61 -

DONT FENCE ME IN

Oh give me land lots of land under the starry skies above  
Don't fence me in  
Let me ride thru the wide open country that I love  
Don't fence me in  
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze  
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees.  
Send me off forever, but I ask you please  
Don't fence me in.  
Just turn me loose,  
Let me straddle my own saddle underneath the western skies  
On my cayuse  
Let me wonder over yonder till I see the mountains rise,  
I wan to ride to the ridge where the west commences  
Gaze at the moon till I loose my senses  
Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences  
Don't fence me in.

- 62 -

SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,  
There are smiles that make us blue,  
There are smiles that steal away the sadness  
Like the sunshine steals away the dew;  
There are smiles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of love alone can see  
But the smiles that fill my life with gladness  
Are the smiles that you give to me.

- 63 -

WHEN I AM LOB

Then through the mud you drag your weary feet  
Under you tunic your heart may cease to beat  
No matter what becomes of thee,  
I'll always smile and think with glee  
That I am LOB.

WW II version

When you hear the spatter of ~~Schmeissers~~ in the night  
Then you wonder if your cause is right  
No matter how afraid you are  
You'll find me in the nearest bar  
Cause I am LOB

When you hear the Minnies moaning loud and clear  
Shaking up your insides and landing mighty near  
Then is the time I have no fear  
As I drink your EFI beer  
When I am LOB

63. continued  
WHEN I AM LOB

When you meet the wehrmacht over the next canal  
I'll drink a toast and wish you luck old pal,  
When you go into the attack  
Just think of me I'm ten miles back  
Cause I am LOB.

- 64 -

CLANCY

Now Clancy was a peaceful man if you know what I mean  
The cops picked up the pieces after Clancy left the scene  
He never looked for trouble, that's a fact you can assume  
But never the less when trouble would press  
Clancy lowered the boom!

Oh, that Clancy, oh, that Clancy,  
Whenever he got his Irish up,  
Clancy lowered the boom!

O'leary was a fightin man, they all knew he was tough  
He strutted 'round the neighborhood a-shootin off his guff  
He picked a fight with Clancy, then and there he sealed his doom  
Before he could shout O'Leary look out!  
Clancy lowered the boom.

Bow Clancy left the barber shop with tonic on his hair,  
He walked into the pool room, and he met O'Reiley there  
O'Reiley said "For goodness sakes, now do I smell perfume".  
Before you could stack your cue in the rack  
Clancy lowered the boom!

Mulrooney walked into the bar, and ordered up a round  
He left his drink to telephone, and Clancy drank it down  
Mulrooney said, "Who drunk me drink? I'll lay him in his tomb  
Before you could pat the top of your hat,  
Clancy lowered the boom.

O'Hallihan delivered ice to Mrs Clancy's flat,  
He'd always linger for a-while to talk of this and that  
One day he kissed her just as Clancy walked into the room  
Before you say the time of day  
Clancy lowered the boom.

- 65 -

BLOODY WELL DEAD

Look at poor Grandma, lying in a coffin,  
Ain't it grand to be bloody well dead.  
Let's not have a sniffle,  
Let's have a bloody good cry,  
And always remember the longer you live, the sooner you'll have  
to die.

Look at the preacher, bloody big sanctified, etc.

Look at the choir boys, bloody big tonsils, etc.

Look at the coffin, bloody big box, etc.

Look at the flowers, bloody well wilted, etc.

Look at the mourners, bloody big hypocrites, etc.

Look at the tombstone, bloody big boulder, etc.

- 66 -

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going  
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile  
For they say you are taking the sunshine  
Which has brightened our pathway a while.

CHORUS

Come and sit by my side if you love me  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley,  
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Won't you think of the valley you'r leaving  
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be  
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking  
And the grief you are causing to me.

As you go to your home by the ocean,  
May you never forget these sweet hours,  
That we spent in the Red River Valley  
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers

IN THE EVENING

In the evening by the moonlight,  
You can hear those darkies humming,  
In the eveing by the moonlight  
You can hear their banjoes strumming,  
How the old folks would enjoy it,  
They would sit all night and listen  
As we sang in the evening, by the moonlight

In the evening by the moonlight  
There are silver voices singing,  
There are lights among the shadows  
Where the fireflies are a-winging  
From the old plantation cabins,  
You can hear those banjoes ringing  
As we sing in the evening, by the moonlight.

DARK TOWN STRUTTERS' BALL

I'll be down to get you in a taxi honey,  
You better be ready about half past eight  
Now dearie, don't be late,  
I want to be there when the band starts playing.  
Remember when we get there, honey  
The two-steps, I'M goin' have them all  
Goin' to dance out both my shoes,  
When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues"  
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball

I'll be down to get you in a pushcart honey  
You better be ready 'bout half past nine,  
Now Ducky, be on time,  
'cause you're going out with a real swell feller  
I don't mind spending maybe a nickle or a dime  
As long as we have a smashing good time.  
Put plenty of powder on top of your nose  
To take the herring smell off your clothes  
'omorrow night at the pushcart peddler's ball.

CIGAREETS AND WHUSKEE

Oh, once I was ha py, and had a good wife  
I had enough money to last me for life,  
I met with a gal and we went on a spree  
She started me smokin' and drinkin' whuskee

Chorus

Cigareets and whuskee and wild, wild women  
They'll drive you crazy, They'll drive you insane  
Cigareets and whuskee and wild, wild, women  
They'll drive you crazy, They'll drive you insane

Cigareets are a blot on the whole human race,  
A man is a monkey with one in his face  
Hear my definition, believe me dear brother  
"a fire on one end, a feel on the other

Oh, brother repent, or they'll write on your grave  
"To women and whuskee here lies a poor slave".  
Take warnin', dear stranger, Take warnin', dear friend,  
These words in big letters they'll write at the end.

SO LONG

I've sun this ong, but I'll sing it again  
Of the people I've met and the places I've seen,  
Of some of the troubles that bothered my mind  
And a lot of good people t'at I've left behind, saying--

Chorus

So long, its been good to know you,  
So long, its been good to know you,  
So long, its been good to know you  
What a long time since I've been home  
And I gotta be driftin' along.

The sweethearts they sat in the dark and they sparked  
They hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark  
They sighed and they cried and they hugged and they kissed  
But instead of marriage they talked like this: Honey

I went to your family and asked them for you  
They all said "take her, oh take her please do  
She can't cook or sew and she won't scrub the floor."  
So I put on my hand and tip-toed out the door, saying

I walked down the street to the grocery store  
It was crowded with people both rich and poor

*Late 1940's  
post war II?*

*Revised by  
the Warrers,  
late 1940's  
Guthrie?*

70. continued

SO LONG

I asked the man how his butter was sold  
He said, "One pound of butter for two pounds of gold." I said

My telephone rang and it jumped off the wall  
That was the preacher a-making a call  
He said, "We're waiting to tie the knot".  
You're getting married believe it or not.  
The church, it was jammed, the church it was packed  
The pews were so crowded from front to the back  
Thousand friends waited to kiss my new bride  
But I was so anxious, I rushed her outside, told them.

- 71 -

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billa-bond.  
Under the shade of a colibah tree;  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

CHORUS

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumpbuck to drink at the billa-bong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee  
And he sang as he stowed that jumpbuck in his tucker bag,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode a squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred  
Down came the troopers, one, two, three  
Where's that jolly jumpbuck you've got in your tucker bag  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilada with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billa-bong,  
You'll never catch me alive said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the billa-bong  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.



TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down  
And drinks his wine, 'mid laughter free  
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let this parting grieve thee  
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.  
Adieu Adieu, kind friends, adieu adieu adieu  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hand my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark  
And now my love, once true to me  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,  
To signify I died of love.

PAPER DOLL

I'm going to buy a paper doll that I can call my own  
A doll that other fellows cannot steal.  
And then those flirty, flirty guys, with their flirty flirty eyes  
Will have to flirt with dollies that are real.

When I come home at night she will be waiting  
She'll be the sweetest doll in all the world  
I'd rather have a paper doll to call my own  
Than have a fickle-minded real live gal.

- 74 -

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip, a big yellow tulip,  
And I wore a big red rose;  
When you caressed me, 'twas then heaven blessed me,  
What a blessing no one knows  
You made life cherry, when you called me dearie  
T'was down where the blue grass grows  
Your lips were sweeter than julit, when you wore a tulip  
and I wore a big red rose.

I met her in a garden, in an old Kentucky town  
The sun was shining down, she wore a gingham gown;  
I kissed her as I pinned a yellow tulip in her hair  
Upon my coat she pinned a rose so fair -- a rose so fair!

Time has not changed your loveliness  
You're just as sweet to me,  
I love you, yet, I can't forget the days that used to be.  
It was was, when you wore a tulip-----.

- 75 -

I GET SO LONELY

I get so lonely when I dream about you  
Can't do without you,  
That's why I dream about you  
If I could only put my arms about you,  
Life would be so fair.

We two could hug and kiss and never tire,  
I'm on fire  
You are my one desire;  
I get so lonely when I dream about you  
Why can't you be there?

CHORUS

Tossing and turning in my slumber  
Holding you it seems  
I give you kisses without number  
But only in my dreams

I get so lonely when I dream about you, Can't do without you  
That's why I dream about you  
If I could only put my arms about you,  
Life would be so fair.

TUMBLIN' TUMBLEWEED

See them tumbling down  
Pledging their love to the ground  
Lonely but free I'll be found,  
Drifting along with the tumbleweed.

Cares of the past are behind  
No where to go but I'll find  
Just where the trail will wind  
Drifting along with the tumbleweed.

I know when night is gone  
That a new world's born at dawn

I'll keep rolling along,  
Deep in my heart is a song  
Here on the range I belong,  
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweed.

COOL WATER

All day I faced the barren waste without the taste of water  
Cool Water!  
Oh Dan and I, with throats burned dry and souls that cry for water  
Cool clear water!

CHORUS

Keep a movin' Dan  
Don't you listen to him, Dan  
He's a devil, not a man,  
And he spreads the burning sand with water.

Dan can you see that big green tree  
Where the water's running free  
And its waitin' there for me and you.

The nights are cool, and I'm a fool  
Each star's a pool of water, Cool Water  
But with the dawn, I'll wake and yawn and carry on to water  
Water Cool, Clear water.

The shadows sway and seem to say, "Tonight we pray for water", Cool Water  
And 'way up there, he'll hear our Prayer and show us where there's  
Water, Cool clear water.

Dan's feet are sore, He's yearning for just one thing more than  
water, Cool Water

- 79 -

COOL WATER continued

Like me, I guess he'd like to rest  
Where there's no quest for water,  
Cool, clear water.

- 80 -

LAZY RIVER

Up a lazy river by the old mill run  
The lazy, lazy river in the noon day sun,  
Linger in the shade of a kind old tree  
Throw away your troubles, dream a dream of me.  
Up the lazy river where the robins' song  
Awakes a bright new morning when we can roll along.  
Blue skies up above,  
Everyone's in love  
Up a lazy river how happy you would be,  
Up a lazy river with me.

- 81 -

EZEKIAL

Ezekial saw a wheel a 'rollin'  
Way in the middle of the air  
Ezekial saw a wheel a 'rollin'  
Way in the middle of the air  
Now the big wheel ran by Faith  
And the little wheel ran by the Grace of God  
A wheel within a wheel a 'rollin'  
Way in the middle of the air.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,  
Maybe we're ragged and funny,  
But we'll travel along,  
Singin' our song, side by side.

We don't know what's coming tomorrow  
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,  
But we'll travel the road  
Sharing our load, side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,  
What if the sky should fall?  
Just as long as we're together  
It really doesn't matter at all

When they've all had their quarrels and parted  
We'll be the same as we started  
Just travelling along  
Singin' our song, side by side.